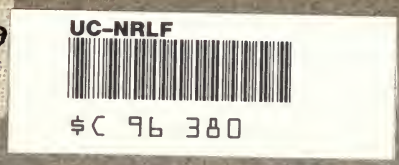
E
207
.C3E9



YD067350

GIFT OF
Miss A. E. Frederick

SIGILLVM · VNIVERSITATIS · CALIFORNIENSIS
LVX
FIAT
MDCCCLXVIII
EX LIBRIS

1779–1891.

EXERCISES

—AT THE—

UNVEILING OF THE MONUMENT

—TO—

ADJUTANT WILLIAM CAMPBELL,

WHO FELL DURING THE BRITISH INVASION OF NEW HAVEN,

JULY 5, 1779.

The Introductory Address by PROF. SIMEON E. BALDWIN, LL.D., President of the New Haven Colony Historical Society; the Historical Address by F. H. COGSWELL, Esq.; the Poem by the REV. A. N. LEWIS, M. A.; the Presentation Addresses by JOHN TRACE, Esq., and HENRY G. NEWTON, Esq.; the Response by HENRY T. BLAKE, Esq.; the Letters of QUEEN VICTORIA, Sir EDWARD STANHOPE, Secretary of State for War, &c., ROBERT T. LINCOLN, U. S. Minister to Great Britain, and Ex-Governor H. B. HARRISON, &c.

PUBLISHED BY THE

MONUMENT COMMITTEE,

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1891.

1779—1891.

EXERCISES

—AT THE—

UNVEILING OF THE MONUMENT

—TO—

ADJUTANT WILLIAM CAMPBELL,

WHO FELL DURING THE BRITISH INVASION OF NEW HAVEN,

JULY 5, 1779.

The Introductory Address by PROF. SIMEON E. BALDWIN, LL.D., President of the New Haven Colony Historical Society; the Historical Address by F. H. COGSWELL, Esq.; the Poem by the REV. A. N. LEWIS, M. A.; the Presentation Addresses by JOHN TRACE, Esq., and HENRY G. NEWTON, Esq.; the Response by HENRY T. BLAKE, Esq.; the Letters of QUEEN VICTORIA, Sir EDWARD STANHOPE, Secretary of State for War, &c., ROBERT T. LINCOLN, U. S. Minister to Great Britain, and Ex-Governor H. B. HARRISON, &c.

PUBLISHED BY THE

MONUMENT COMMITTEE,

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1891.

E207
.C3E9

UNVEILING EXERCISES

Campbell's Grave.

On a pleasant April day, two gentlemen of antiquarian tastes and patriotic instincts* took a walk to "Campbell's Grave." They found that the stone erected in 1831, by J. W. Barber, the historian, had entirely disappeared under the ravages of relic hunters. While talking over the story of the Adjutant's death, one of them remarked to the other, "Why cannot we two find a large natural boulder, have it drawn to the spot, inscribed 'Campbell, 1779,' and unveil it with a few simple ceremonies?"

The idea grew in their minds, and they decided to get something better than a "bowlder." To do this it would be necessary to raise a sum of money beyond their individual means. Accordingly they went before the British-American Society, the Sons of St. George, the Caledonian Club, and the Clan McLeod, and invited them to co-operate with other citizens in raising the necessary funds. The invitation was cordially received, and the following General Committee was appointed:

Rev. A. N. Lewis,
Mr. F. H. Cogswell,
Mr. W. C. McIntosh,
Mr. John Trace,
Mr. John Keast,
Mr. R. J. Hawken,
Mr. Robert MacArthur,
Mr. George Wallace.

* Rev. A. N. Lewis and F. H. Cogswell, Esq.

336288

The Committee met at Mr. McIntosh's office, and organized by electing

Rev. A. N. Lewis, Chairman, F. H. Cogswell, Esq., Secretary,
W. C. McIntosh, Treasurer.

Collectors were appointed from the Committee, and the sum of $250. was raised by popular subscription. The Sons of St. George voted from the treasury, $25.

Before taking any decisive action, the two gentlemen named on page first laid the matter before several prominent and patriotic citizens, who heartily approved it, and encouraged them to proceed. It was also submitted to the New Haven Colony Historical Society, who on April 27, 1891., passed unanimously the following resolution:

"*Resolved:* That this Society views with hearty approval the proposition to erect, by popular subscription, a monument to Adjutant Campbell, who fell during the attack on New Haven, July 5, 1779."

At a special meeting of the Directors held Saturday, June 13, 1891, it was *Voted*, that the Historical Society take charge of the Unveiling Exercises, and the following Committee of Arrangements was appointed:

Prof. Simeon E. Baldwin, Gen. Edward E. Bradley,
George Petrie, Esq.

A plot of land 25 x 225 feet, containing the grave was donated by Miss Mary E. Alling, and another adjoining 50 x 225 feet, by the estate of the late H. J. Prudden.

The Monument Committee desire to put on record their indebtedness to Prof. Simeon E. Baldwin, Gen. Edward E. Bradley, Henry T. Blake, and George Petrie, for the valuable advice and co-operation they have given from the outset. Also to the collectors and contributors to the Monument Fund, and to the daily press of New Haven.

PROGRAMME

1. Prayer by Rev. N. J. Squires, Pastor of Cong'l Church, West Haven, (in place of Rev. Timothy Dwight, D. D., LL.D., President of Yale University, unable to be present.)

2. Introductory Address—Professor Simeon E. Baldwin, LL. D., President of the New Haven Colony Historical Society.

3. Reading of Letters.

4. Hymn, "Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb!" Pequot Quartette; Messrs. L. McCollum, C. E. Skinner, M. D., F. P. Lewis and W. B. Newberry, Ph. B.

5. Historical Address, ... F. H. Cogswell, Esq.

6. Poem, ... The Rev. A. N. Lewis, M. A.

7. "I heard a voice from Heaven," . . Pequot Quartette.

8. Unveiling.

9. Presentation of Monument. . . . John Trace, Esq.

10. Presentation of land on behalf of donors, . Henry G. Newton, Esq.

11. Response on behalf of the Historical Society, Henry T. Blake, Esq.

12. Hymn, "God bless our native land."

13. Benediction, ...

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

By Simeon E. Baldwin, LL.D.,

President of the New Haven Colony Historical Society.

For more than a hundred years, this solitary field has been of peculiar interest to the citizens of New Haven.

The third anniversary of the Declaration of Independence was marked on the shores and waters of Connecticut with the discharge of cannon and military display, but it was the fire and march of a hostile army. When the day closed, our harbor was lit by the glare of troop-ships, and soon after midnight the alarm rang out from the bells of the churches.

The next morning by sunrise, the British were upon the beach by Savin Rock. West Bridge had been taken up and their course was shaped for the Westville Road. Crossing this hill, William Campbell, acting as adjutant of the Guards, rode forward to reconnoiter, and fell, mortally wounded, by the roadside, a few rods from where we are assembled.

Here in the dead of night, they made his lonely grave, marked after fifty years by a rude stone, set up by one of the founders of the Historical Society, John W. Barber, but which has long since yielded to the touch of time.

And here now we come again, to place above his dust a more enduring monument, and to consecrate this spot in perpetual memory of the brave days of old.

Adjutant Campbell fell here in the discharge of his duty to his king and country. He fell also by the hand of one who was thus discharging his duty to his country,—a country without a king.

He went to his death fresh from a generous act of kind humanity to the minister of the village church at West Haven. His own merit had called him from the ranks in days when the British army was mainly officered by men whose commissions had been bought, not earned. In the freshness of his youth, in the line of his duty, in the front of battle, he fell in a foreign land, to sleep in a stranger's grave.

The owners of this ground have given it to the Historical Society to keep as his burial place forever; and mainly by the good offices of his countrymen who live among us, it is to be marked by the granite boulder we are to unveil to-day.

Standing on this hill-top, with its matchless view of our beautiful city with its peaceful bay and encircling cliffs, we look across the valley to the lofty monument towering above East Rock, which commemorates the heroes of the Revolution and of three later wars; glad that so grand a memorial has

been raised to our patriot dead: glad, also, that we live in an age which reverences bravery and humanity, both in friend and foe, and that here we can show that reverence by this solitary grave.

And I know no more fitting time for such a gathering as this, than on this great anniversary.

One hundred and fifteen years ago Roger Sherman, a citizen of New Haven, set his hand, in behalf of the State of Connecticut, to the Declaration of Independence. The world acknowledges it as the birth-day of the greatest republic in human history. Well can we afford to pause for a moment to honor the memory of a brave man who fought against us, and fell by a patriot hand.

We, who were born upon this soil, love our native land, and our native city, as no others can; but those of us who have come here from foreign lands came because, much as they might love home, they loved the free life and open field of America more.

No tear shed to-day at this stranger's grave will lessen any man's sentiments of patriotic devotion: no kind word said here will lessen any man's reverence for the patriot dead of American battle fields.

I wish that the suggestion of one of our associates for a monument near West Bridge, to those who fell in the defence of New Haven, could be carried out. I hope it may be. But already their valor is commemorated, not only where they were laid to rest in quiet churchyards, by the side of their kindred, but by the act of their native town, in her soldiers' monument, seen far and wide, over land and sea.

Dear, dear New Haven! Well her children love
Her elm-walled Green, and heavenward spires above,
Her shady streets, the rocks that guard her bay,
The distant landscape, stretching far away.
Here fought her sons, a hundred years ago,
Their hearth-stones to defend from British foe,
And hence they marched to show, at Lincoln's call,
Ours was a land of liberty for all,
And none need fear lest she unmindful be
Of those brave deeds, when they look up and see
High over all the column raised to crown
Her fallen heroes by the mother town.

Let that grand monument, at whose feet lies our beautiful park, stand there forever to guard the memory of its patriot dead; and let this modest stone around which we are gathered, stand also always here, reminding each who sees it, that magnanimity is the virtue of the victor, and that brave and kind hearts meet willing recognition in every land where duty calls and honor dwells.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

By F. H. Cogswell, Esq.

Mr. President and Fellow Citizens:

One hundred and twelve years ago to-day, at an hour corresponding to the present, our forefathers were gathered in the old brick church on the Green for public worship. It was the third anniversary of the declaration of American independence. Ever since the day when "the embattled farmers" stood by Concord bridge and "fired the shot heard 'round the world," the colonists had been engaged in a fierce struggle with Great Britain.

Success in that struggle meant the triumph of those principles of liberty that have been cherished by man in all ages; failure meant all the fearful consequences of a conquered rebellion. The question at issue was the right of the people to make their own laws. Had that right been granted, we might still be the loyal subjects of Great Britain, and all the wealth and prosperity of this great nation might be hers. That unquestioned right was denied, and out of the throes of one of the most remarkable revolutions in the history of the world was born the republic that stands to-day the pride of a continent, and the wonder of the world. Time has written with ruby finger upon the page of history the story of that revolution, and mine is but the simple task to briefly recall those of its incidents which bring us together to-day.

At the close of that Sunday, the Fourth of July, 1779, there was another gathering in the little brick meeting house, to arrange for a celebration of the Declaration of Independence on the following day. According to the old New England custom, Saturday evening had been kept sacred from secular intrusion, and after Sunday's sun had set, the day of rest was considered over, and its hallowed observance at an end. Accordingly, on this occasion the people met, committees were selected, a programme arranged, and the inhabitants had retired to rest, when at about ten o'clock came the startling boom of a signal gun. In an instant all was commotion, and before the anxious question that was on everybody's lip could be answered, there came a second boom, and then a third. It was the alarm gun, and meant that the British fleet was approaching. A general alarm had been sent out some time before by General Wooster at New York, warning the towns along the coast that a large British fleet had been seen off Mamaroneck headed eastward, and advising that live stock be driven back into the country, and preparations be made for defense. The original paper, in the handwriting of General Wooster, is now in the possession of Mr. Nathan G. Pond, of Milford.

The mission of the fleet was not known. Its destination might be Newport, or New London, on an errand that boded no particular evil. So thought many of our people, who firmly believed the fleet would anchor in the harbor for the night, and proceed eastward in the morning. But others well knew that the British regarded the inhabitants of New Haven with feelings

of especial hostility, on account of the constant furnishing of supplies and equipments to the continental army, and the fitting out of small expeditions to harras and oppose the British in their depredations about New York and along the coast.

There was little sleep in the town that night. What the morrow would develop could only be conjectured. The only safety lay in preparing for the worst. Beacon fires began to burn upon the neighboring hill-tops, calling the inhabitants to arms in response to the warning of the signal gun. Valuables were hurriedly collected and hidden. Women and children and infirm persons were carried during the night to places of safety in neighboring towns. Hasty, and perhaps last farewells were said. Arms were examined, and ammunition made ready. Consultations were held as to advisable measures for defense—and finally the dreaded morning dawned.

At the first appearance of light several persons, including President Stiles, mounted the observatory at Yale College, and with a spy-glass discovered about forty British vessels at anchor at the entrance of the harbor. So far, however, the town was safe, and the fleet might soon weigh anchor and continue eastward. Anxiously the watchers waited for the first sign of life on board. They had not long to wait, for scarcely had the dark forms of the men-of-war grown to distinctness in the early morning light, when suddenly boats began to be lowered, which were rapidly filled with red-coated soldiers, and rowed to the western shore. It has been described by an eye witness as a terrible but beautiful sight, the brilliant uniforms glowing and the bright bayonets glistening in the first rays of the sun as it rose over the hills.

Word was quickly given to those below, and a party of students and others to the number of about thirty formed under command of Captain William Hillhouse, and moved toward the scene of action. They went out across West Bridge, and made a stand at the junction of the West Haven and Milford roads. Here they were soon joined by Dr. Naphtali Daggett, professor of divinity, who had for several years been acting president of Yale College, and a beloved and honored predecessor of the distinguished scholar who sits upon this platform and participates in these ceremonies.

Some of the town people, under command of Colonel Sabin, drew a couple of cannon to the east side of West Bridge (at the junction of Davenport and Congress Avenues) where it was thought the British would be likely to attempt an entrance to the town. The floor of the bridge was removed, earthworks were hastily thrown up, and the cannon trained to rake the approach from the west. While this was being done Dr. Daggett came "riding furiously along astride his old black mare, with his long fowling piece in his hand." He made an address to the men at the bridge, and rode along past the students at the foot of the hill, where he received their enthusiastic cheers. He took a solitary position in a clump of bushes on the hill, and waited for the enemy to come on.

The division of the enemy which landed on the west shore comprised from 1200 to 1500 men under command of General Garth. It included the flank

companies of the Coldstream Guards, Welsh Fusileers, 54th Regiment, and a detatchment of the Hessian Jagers, with four field pieces. The landing was completed at about five o'clock in the morning. A line was formed at the shore, and the division marched to West Haven green, where they halted until between nine and ten, while General Tryon landed his force of about 2000 men at Lighthouse Point. This being accomplished, both the eastern and western divisions began to advance on the town at the same time. General Garth sent an advance guard forward, which was immediately fired upon and driven back into the main line by Captain Hillhouse's men, who had by this time moved southward, halting about a quarter of a mile from West Haven green. The enemy soon rallied from this sudden surprise, but by the time they were ready to return the compliment, the Hillhouse party had scattered and run. According to President Stiles, the British proceeded "in a huddled confusion in about 30 companies." By this time there were about one hundred and fifty men and boys on Milford hill scattered about, some alone, and some in small parties. These, from such shelter as was afforded by trees and fences, kept up a galling fire as the enemy approached. Those who watched from their houses could see an occasional puff of smoke rise over a stone wall, indicating the position of a patriot and his musket.

During the skirmish near West Haven green, the village clergyman, Rev. Mr. Williston, in climbing over a stone wall to escape the enemy, fell and broke his leg. Some Hessians rushed upon him with drawn bayonets, when Campbell, the young adjutant of the Guards, interfered and saved the unfortunate man's life. Townshend, in his History of the British Invasion of New Haven, says, "This officer ordered the surgeon of his regiment to set Mr. Williston's limb, and treated him with great humanity." Three weeks later, on the 25th, President Stiles makes this entry in his diary: "Lord's day. I preached at West Haven for Rev. Mr. Williston, who broke his leg in escaping from the enemy." It is related that Mr. Williston, to the end of his life, never failed to celebrate the anniversary of this incident, "and thank the Lord that he did'nt fall into the hands of the Hessians, but into the hands of Adjutant Campbell."

When the enemy's line had reached the top of Milford hill, in the vicinity of the spot where we are standing, it was observed that West Bridge had been taken up and was guarded by cannon; so that it was necessary to go around by way of Westville (or Hotchkisstown, as it was then called), in order to enter the town. Captain Hillhouse and his party withdrew to the east side of the Westville road, while another party under command of Colonel Aaron Burr, then twenty-three years old, and afterward vice-president of the United States, prepared to harras the advancing column from the west.

While passing near the brow of the hill, near the junction of the West Haven and Milford roads, a British skirmishing party had its attention attracted to an occasional puff of smoke from a clump of bushes. Some one was sent to investigate, and found the sole occupant of the bushes to be a tall elderly gentleman in clerical garb, handling a very long fowling piece. There are several accounts concerning the interview which followed, but

they all agree in the main. A bayonet was pointed at the old gentleman's breast and he was asked:

"What are you doing here, you old fool, firing on His Majesty's troops?"

"Exercising the rights of war!" was the reply.

The drollery of the response doubtless saved his life, for it seemed to amuse his captor.

"If I spare your life this time, will you be likely to do such a thing again?"

"Nothing more likely, I rather think I should."

The officer did not quite know what to do with such a rebel, and took him before his superior, who demanded of the prisoner his name.

"My name is Naphtali Dagget; I am one of the officers of Yale College; I require you to release me."

"But we understand that you have been praying against our cause," said the officer.

"Yes, and I never made more sincere prayers in my life," returned the Doctor.

He was placed under a guard, afterward put at the head of the column, and made to act as guide into the town.

During the whole morning, three young men, named Johnson, Alling and Beecher, had been active in harrasing the British. Together they had crept behind fences and trees, and poured their shot into the advancing column. When the detachment which they were covering had reached the Milford road, Johnson found himself overcome with fatigue or illness, and was unable to climb over the wall with his companions. An officer in brilliant uniform stepped out from beside the enemy's ranks, and approached the helpless youth. It was the same kind hearted Adjutant, who had come to the assistance of Mr. Williston, a short time before at West Haven. According to the family story, as told by a grandson of Johnson, now living, one of the young men shouted, "Look out, John, he will take you!" Whereupon Johnson quickly raised his musket and fired at the approaching officer, who fell bleeding in the road. Then, nerved by the excitement of the moment, Johnson clambered over the wall and escaped with his companions. When he returned home later in the day to the house, the cellar of which is still visible on the south side of the Milford road, (where yonder flagstaff is planted), he found that a wounded British officer had been brought in during the forenoon, and had died soon after; that he had won the hearts of the members of the family by his patience and gentleness, and that they had been very kind to him. He had made a few trifling presents to those who had attended him, and while his fellow soldiers were engaged in plundering the town, this noble young officer, whose only remembered acts were those of humanity and mercy, fell asleep, far from the land of his home and kindred, with none but stranger hands to close his dying eyes.

A grave was dug across the road in a hollow by the edge of the woods, and at night the body, wrapped in a blanket, was carried upon a sheep-rack and decently laid away. For over a century his bones have reposed in this lonely grave, watered only by Nature's tears, and mourned only by the sighing winds.

I should not forget to mention the British-American, who, in former years, while our friends were decorating the graves of those who fell in the Civil War, and while southern widows were strewing alike the graves of their slain and of the northern invader, came and laid the tribute of his affection. Nor the poor colored woman whose human heart was touched by the sight of this neglected spot, and for years kept the mound in form and planted flowers upon it. Even Johnson, to the end of his days, regretted the cause of Campbell's death, and in telling the story would always say, "and I fear it must have been I who killed him."

Stone Erected by John W. Barber.

A handkerchief bearing Campbell's initials, which was laid over the face of the dead Adjutant, was kept in the Johnson family until within a few years. His dressing-case is now in the possession of the New Haven Colony Historical Society.* General Colin M. Ingersoll remembers that about 1830, upon an occasion when the Milford Grenadiers were in New Haven on parade, an officer was pointed out to him as wearing the uniform of Adjutant Campbell.

On the 19th of October, 1831, Mr. John W. Barber, placed a rough stone at the head of the grave, but that has long since disappeared under the hand of the relic hunter. To-day, those who were once his countrymen, but now citizens of the republic that grew out of the struggle in which he lost his life, upon land donated by citizens of long American ancestry, place another and more fitting memorial to mark the spot where he lies. So long as the stone which we now uprear shall stand, it will remain a monument to an important event in our country's history, and to a generous and honorable foe. It will mark the resting place, not of a ruthless invader and wanton destroyer of life and home, but of one who, while wearing the uniform of an enemy,

* For cut and description of dressing case, see page 21.

and serving his king in all honorable ways, did not forget to protect the innocent and unoffending, and spare the helpless.

It is especially fitting that as we thus publicly celebrate the virtues of a fallen enemy, these exercises should be presided over by a great-grandson of Roger Sherman, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. And while here commemorating an event born of bitterness and conflict, we should not forget that England herself acknowledges with pride America's right to resist the oppression of a tyrannical ministry, in the noble words of her greatest laureate:

"O thou that sendest out the men
To rule by land and sea,
Strong mother of a Lion-line,
Be proud of those strong sons of thine,
Who wrenched their rights from thee!

What wonder, if in noble heat
Those men thine arms withstood,
Re-taught the lesson thou hadst taught,
And in thy spirit with thee fought—
Who sprang from English blood!

Those who fell upon the American side of the conflict have slept for more than a century in honored graves, mourned by their friends and glorified by the gratitude of a triumphant nation. For those who fought unworthily on either side, let their deeds and their names be alike forgotton. But let those who, whether friend or foe, tempered the discharge of their stern duty with mercy and humanity be remembered as Nature's own noblemen.

The problem of history was being worked out, and these fell by the way. Their bones have long since mingled in the same dust, and their animosities have been forgotten. Humanity is greater than a nation, and its deeds will be remembered when empires are forgotten. Could war be waged by such as these, it would be robbed of half its terrors, and "foe" would be but the synonym of honor.

To the grave of this young man, whose memory has been tenderly cherished by the people of New Haven, foe though he was, we bring to-day the tribute of our affection and our gratitude. Could he have lived through that terrible day, none can doubt that there would have been less heartache and less mourning among the people. But he fell at the very threshold of the town, perhaps while on an errand of humanity, and here he sleeps. No father's grief has made sacred his lonely grave. It has been hallowed by no mother's tears.

"By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,
By strangers honored, and by strangers mourned!"

POEM

By the Rev. A. N. Lewis, M. A.

No "storied urn or animated bust,"
No sculptured column stands to mark thy tomb;
No banner hangs above thy sleeping dust,
O Campbell! in the Abbey's sacred gloom.

This lowly grave is thine: this simple stone,
Which, in this woody dell we now uprear,
Tells of thy death the day and date alone,
And that a soldier brave lies buried here.

Far from thy native land, thy island-home,
Far from thy kith and kin beyond the sea,
Beneath the red-cross banner thou didst come
'Gainst "rebel hosts" to fight for victory.

The white-winged ships drop anchor in the bay—
Bright shine the scarlet coats and flashing steel—
The cannon's boom disturbs the sacred day—
Drums beat—the bugle-call sounds loud and shrill.

The sun has set—the misty shadows fall
O'er hill and dale, and o'er the sounding sea—
The flags descend—Night spreads her sable pall,
And Britons sleep to dream of victory.

'Tis morn—the reveille awakes to arms
The slumb'ring host—boats ply from ship to shore;
The country-side awake to War's alarms—
From hill to hill the signal-cannon roar.

The rude militia rally here and there,
Th' invaders' march to hinder and oppose:
From many an ambush, and from secret lair,
They hurl the fatal lead against their foes.

First in the fray was CAMPBELL, brave and strong—
Loud rang his voice at every bugle-call!
First in each charge against the motley throng
That barred his progress, and the first to fall!

Mourned by his comrades—honored by his foes—
"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."
We raise this stone "his merits to disclose,"
His pity and humanity to tell.

Perhaps for thee a father mourned and wept;
A mother looked in vain thy step to hear:
Perhaps a loving wife long vigils kept,
Hoping 'gainst hope for many a weary year

Thy face to see, to clasp again thy hand,
Watching to greet thee at her cottage-door;
Waiting for news from that far western land,
From which, alas! thou didst return no more!

Sleep on, O CAMPBELL! in thy lonely grave;
Sleep on, brave soldier-boy, and take thy rest.
Above thee, trees shall bloom, and flow'rets wave:
Sleep, sweetly sleep. "The merciful are blessed!"

PRESENTATION OF MONUMENT.

By John Trace, Esq.

Mr. President, and Members of the Historical Society:

At the request of the Committee, and as the representative of those who contributed to the memorial fund, I present this stone to your society as a sacred trust.

The donors comprise both American and British born citizens, but are mainly those who compose the Sons of St. George, The British American Association, The Caledonian Club, and the Clan McLeod. These associations have cheerfully joined in the procurement and erection of this monument, at the suggestion of many of the native born citizens of New Haven. It was represented that in view of the fact that this sightly plot of ground had been set apart by generous Americans for a memorial to a fallen British soldier, it would be a graceful and appropriate act for those among us who are of British birth to furnish the monument. It was thought that these co-operative gifts of land and stone would be regarded as a pleasing illustration how all former animosities between England and America have passed away, and have been succeeded by the mutual esteem and friendship which belong to a common ancestry and kindred institutions.

In this spirit this monument is presented. Long may it stand to remind present and future generations of Americans and Britons alike, not of conflict and bitterness, but of peace and concord; and may it serve to strengthen the ties of affection which now exist, and which we trust may ever continue between our adopted country and its mother-land.

PRESENTATION OF LAND IN BEHALF OF DONORS.

By Henry G. Newton, Esq.

Mr. President, and Members of the Historical Society:

I deem it a privilege and an honor to speak on behalf of the donors of this land. Miss Mary E. Alling, whose homestead stands yonder, gives the plot containing the grave. Dr. T. Mitchell Prudden of New York City, and Rev. Theodore P. Prudden of Chicago, give the land on which stands the monument; this land was received by them from their brother, the late Henry J. Prudden of New Haven.

There is a special appropriateness in the giving of the land for this purpose by these donors.

Miss Alling is a descendant of the Alling who was among the early settlers of New Haven, and her ancestors for a quarter of a millenium have been counted among the representative citizens and landholders of this community.

The Pruddens are lineal descendants of the Peter Prudden, who with Mr. Davenport, preached the two sermons under the great oak in April, 1638, at the place near the corner of George and College Streets, where this society has placed a commemorative tablet.

Of Yankee and Puritan blood from the beginning, it is most fit that these donors should offer this spot to keep green the memory of one who died in the attempt to hold under one government all men of British speech and lineage.

Now, we can have more sympathy with his endeavor; more sadness for his fall. We look back with reverence upon the history of a life and death struggle to save our own nation from dismemberment. We consider that if his cause had then prevailed, and all had remained one nation, we might now be full loath to let the British Isles break loose from the bond, strongly as they might desire it, and would doubtless resist by force of arms any attempt on their part at secession. We now appreciate the advantages of union.

A new era has dawned upon us; a time of larger thoughts, of wider sympathies.

As Campbell cast his last look from this spot toward the New Haven he had thought to help bind as a fair jewel in the British crown, he saw a thriving village of people wholly of American ancestry. If, according to the old ideas, his spirit has lingered about his grave; from this spot it has watched it grow to a populous city with a large majority of citizens of foreign birth or descent; a city inhabited by men from every nation under heaven.

Numerous and imposing seemed the ranks of the invading red-coats to the farmers of old time. But for every soldier of that flint-lock weaponed army, a battalion has followed in peaceful invasion.

This land given by these donors at the suggestion of this society; this celebration by this society, which specially honors the deeds of the past; are a token of welcome from the old to the new.

Single States of our Union are fast becoming what would once have been mighty nations. With each decade another State surpasses the number of the whole people at the Revolution. The population of the United States will soon approach that of all Europe a hundred years ago.

If our constitution can hold fast in indissoluble union, states with the interest and strength of nations, divided further asunder in space than England and Turkey, as far in climate as Norway and Italy, and with every diversity of people which the round globe has produced, what further need of wars and bloodshed.

The new dawn is surely breaking. Old grievances are forgotten. Old feuds are buried. Old jealousies have vanished. Courage and loyalty are to be honored in all men and all nations. Henceforth let it be abhorred that men of the same speech and lineage should go to war with each other for light cause; or that men of human blood and human speech should go to war at all, save from direst necessity.

A few more settlements of difficulties by peaceful arbitration; a few more combinations for the preservation of common interests; a few more new republics modeled upon the constitution of our fathers; and we may see a union not merely of those of English speech, but one far more comprehensive and more universal.

Let our republic be true to itself, its history, and its future, and we may reasonably hope that before this monument shall be gray with the moss of another hundred years, the work of our fathers will have become the act of the nations; and that the principles of our constitution, will underlie the constitution of the United States of the World.

In behalf of the owners I now present to you this piece of ground, doubting not that in your hands it shall be made to teach its lessons of loyalty to country, of brotherly love, and of remembrance of good deeds done, to the ages yet to be.

RESPONSE TO PRESENTATIONS.

By Henry T. Blake, Esq.

Mr. Newton, and Mr. Trace, and Donors of this Land and Monument:

The Historical Society accepts the gifts which you have presented, and also the trust which attends them. The generous spirit by which they are inspired, springs from the purest and noblest patriotic feeling, and is worthy of the highest praise. It is also appropriate that this plot of ground has been devoted to its sacred use by those whose family names have been for generations associated with the history of New Haven, while the memorial stone has been chiefly provided by adopted citizens of British birth.

Of course, this remote and lonely hill-side is too secluded to be kept under constant observation, but this will not be necessary. This civilized land can never contain a being so lost to human sensibility, that he could look otherwise than with a sympathetic interest on this solitary grave. By the Declaration of Independence, at the close of the Revolution, those who had been enemies in war, became in peace friends; and surely the mouldering clay of this fallen soldier was included in that blessed privilege. Since then, for more than a hundred years it has quietly dwelt in its narrow American home; it has fraternally blended with American soil, and year by year it has been kindly transformed into American verdure; tendering thus in turf and flowers its humble conciliatory offerings to successive generations. And if, after so long a residence, and so patient a propitiation, there are any among us who in the narrowness and bigotry of a miscalled "patriotism" could cherish a rancor against this pitiful remnant of dust, even they could never forget that its last animate act, in the heat of battle, was one of kindness to an injured American.

"Blessed are the merciful!" That simple and impressive epitaph is the irresistible appeal of this lonely tomb for reverence in the name of gratitude, of humanity, and of religion. As we read those words, the divine Founder of Christianity himself seems to be standing guard above it, and to be saying to all who approach in the spirit of enmity or of heedless desecration:

> "Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbear
> To dig the dust enclosed here!
> Blest be the man that spares these stones,
> And curst be he that moves these bones."

But this occasion is one not merely of personal sympathy, and of considerate respect to the remains of a magnanimous foe. It has taken on a wider

import, which will bring to your generous gifts a more general interest and a more lasting remembrance. The contrast between the ceremonials of day and that hasty burial of more than a hundred years ago,

"By the struggling moonbeam's misty light, or the lantern dimly burning,"

recalls the mighty changes which have taken place not only in the political and social conditions, but in the mutual relations and feelings of our own and the mother country.

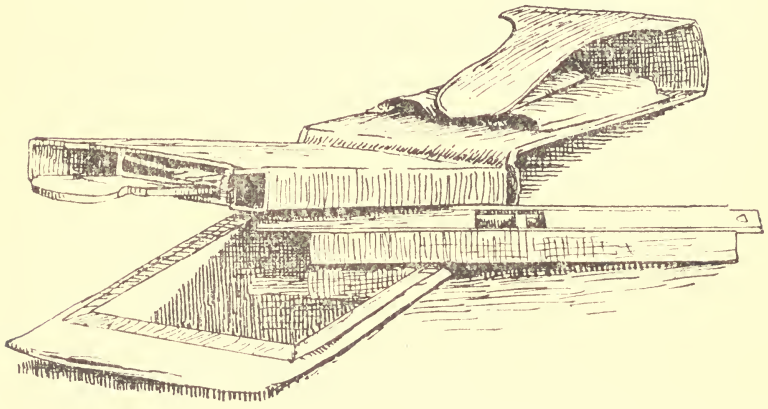
Most fitly does this event occur on the double anniversary of our own local battle and of our national birthday! As we look around us on this hill, the former scene of conflict, we behold Englishmen and Americans again assembled; not now in the rage of unnatural strife for the capture or defense of the little provincial village of New Haven, but as fellow-towns men of our great and prosperous city, and as fellow citizens of our giant republic. Again the governments of England and America are here represented; not now in hostile array, but as sympathetic participants in this pious occasion. A message comes from the British throne; not now in the haughty denunciations of a hated king, but in gracious terms of kindness from that sovereign lady whose name is a synonym for all queenly virtues, and to whom every American renders heart-felt homage of respect and honor. Her Majesty's cordial words are echoed by her royal ministers. And in behalf of the American people, the President of the United States reciprocates these friendly greetings from across the sea with responsive benediction.

Thus on this anniversary day of their former bloody conflict, and on the very spot where it was waged, around this tomb of one of its humble victims as about a sacred altar, England and America are gathered in family meeting, and by their highest representatives are placing upon it the garlands of peace and friendship. How worthy a celebration of our national birthday! How proudly would this young adjutant have died, could he have known that his memory would be signalized by such an honor!

Henceforth this ancient battle ground is invested with a new and loftier dignity. This modest memorial is no longer merely a tombstone! It has become a noble public monument officially consecrated by the two greatest nations of mankind to proclaim that all former strife and bitterness between them has been eternally buried, and that over their ashes has been reared an enduring structure of international amity! As such a monument may it stand forever, forever symbolizing that friendly relation by the imperishable firmness of this granite rock! And whether as private tomb or as public monument, may it be forever honored and sacredly preserved until the last great trumpet call shall rend it asunder, and startle this sleeper from the dust, and dissolve all the nations of the earth into the common brotherhood of man!

CAMPBELL'S DRESSING-CASE was sold by his body-servant to John Townsend, grandfather of the donor, Lucius B. Townsend, Esq., who presented it to the Historical Society, in 1864.

It is of red morocco outside, and green inside, 6 inches long, 3 inches wide, and 1 inch thick when closed. It is open in the cut. It contains a small mirror, a receptacle for comb, razor-strop, &c., and straps for scissors and knife. The price is marked at 40s. ($10.00). It contains a comb, razor-strap, and a small box with two compartments, in one of which is a little shaving-soap or tooth powder.



The monument, which is of Quincy granite, was furnished by Mr. Peter Stirling, of New Haven. It bears the following inscription:

ADJUTANT WILLIAM CAMPBELL

FELL DURING THE BRITISH INVASION OF NEW HAVEN,

JULY 5, 1779.

"Blessed are the merciful."

LETTERS.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LONDON,
June 1, 1891.

SIR :

I am commanded by the Queen to acknowledge the receipt of your letter having reference to the Campbell Monument.

Her Majesty was much interested in the subject, but made some enquiries as to the circumstances, and I shall feel much obliged for any information you can give me.

I find by the histories of the Regiments of the British Guards that he (Adjt. Campbell), held the appointment of Adjutant of one of the mixed Battalions in America, from 1777 to 1779. He had been a sergeant in the 3d Guards previously.

What were the acts of humanity for which you now honor him?

Was he known, before the attack, to the citizens of New Haven?

I believe that Tryon's Expedition came from New York? And returned there at once?

Yours faithfully,

HENRY E. PONSONBY,
Private Secretary.

REV. A. N. LEWIS.

May 4, 1891,
LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES, LONDON.

REV. A. N. LEWIS, NEW HAVEN.

My Dear Sir:

Referring to my note to you of the 22d ultimo, it gives me much pleasure to let you know that Mr. Stanhope, the Secretary of State for War, has been able to identify "Adjutant Campbell," as will be seen by the inclosed Memorandum from the War Office.

"It appears that William Campbell, Sergeant Third Guards, served as Adjutant of the Detailment of Guards from 29 Aug., 1777 to 5 July, 1779, when he was killed in action at New Haven."

* * * * * * * *

Believe me,

Very sincerely yours,

ROBERT T. LINCOLN.

ON HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE.

WAR OFFICE, PALL MALL, S. W.,
6th *May*, 1891.

SIR :

It having been ascertained * * * that the Guards were present at the assault on New Haven on the 5th July, 1779, the histories of the Regiments of Guards have been searched, and it appears that these Regiments were not present, but detailments from each (First, Cold Stream, and Third Guards), were sent to America to form part of the force under General Tryon.

In the Records of these Regiments, it is stated that Sergeant William Campbell of the Third Guards, proceeded to America on 15 March, 1776, and served as Adjutant to the Detailments of Guards in America from 29th August, 1777, to 5th July, 1779, where he was killed at the assault on New Haven.

* * * * * * * *

		From	To	
* ADJUTANT.	* W. CAMPBELL.	29 Aug. 1777.	5 July, 1779.	* From Sergeant Third Guards, Killed in action at New Haven.

I am also desired to convey to you, an expression of Mr. Secretary Stanhope's great appreciation of the grateful and generous act which your citizens contemplate in regard to a British officer, who, in the performance of his duty, fell fighting against the Nation which now proposes to honor his memory.

I have the honor to be,

Sir,

Your Obedient Servant,

BROWNLOW.

REV. A. N. LEWIS, NEW HAVEN.

BRITISH LEGATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
June 19, 1891.

SIR :

I have received the Queen's command, through the Marquis of Salisbury, Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to convey to you as Chairman of the "Campbell Memorial Committee," the expression of Her Majesty's gratification at learning from your communication of the 13th of May last, that the citizens of New Haven are about

to erect a monument to Adjutant Campbell of the Guards, who fell in the British attack on that city in 1779, in remembrance of his acts of humanity on that occasion.

The Queen deeply appreciates the generous sentiments which have prompted the citizens of New Haven, after the lapse of so many years, to offer this honorable tribute to his memory.

I am,

Sir,

Your most obedient

Humble servant,

JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE.

Rev. A. N. Lewis,

Chairman of the "Campbell Memorial Fund."

West Salisbury, Vermont,
June 1, 1891.

F. H. Cogswell, Esq.

My Dear Sir:

Your letter of May 28, (forwarded from New Haven), has reached me here.

I expect to bring my family to Vermont some two or three weeks before the 4th of July, and to spend the summer with them here. You will therefore please excuse me from the engagement which you ask me to make.

Heartily sympathizing with your sentiments in regard to the unfortunate and gallant young Campbell, I am glad that our own people have determined to mark his solitary grave by a suitable monument.

Very Sincerely Yours,

H. B. HARRISON.

The unveiling exercises took place on Saturday, July 4, 1891, at 10 o'clock A. M., under the auspices of The New Haven Colony Historical Society.

The Stone was veiled with the British and American ensigns, which were hoisted side by side and saluted.

Monument Committee.

Rev. A. N. Lewis, *Chairman.*

F. H. Cogswell, Esq., *Secretary.*

Mr. W. C. McIntosh, *Treasurer.*

Mr. John Fraer.

Mr. John Keast.

Mr. R. J. Hawken.

Mr. Robert MacArthur.

Mr. George Wallace.

Committee of Directors of the Historical Society.

Prof. Simeon E. Baldwin.

Gen. Edward E. Bradley.

Mr. George Petrie.

Cellar of the house in which Campbell died.

HOGGSON & ROBINSON, Printers.
852 Chapel Street.

Campbell, Wm.
Exercises at the unveiling of the monument to Adjutant Wm. Campbell.

336288

E207
C3E9

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY